

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

DAILY SHORT STORY
IS CHRISTMAS
By OLIVE GROVES.

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HE stood at the street crossing and waved to the motorman to stop. Then she boarded the car. It was a crisp morning in mid December, and the sun was just peeping over the horizon like a ball of burnished steel. The street car was already loaded, and the motorman was standing with his hand on the crank to let the vehicle go, for, having stopped to pick up so many passengers, the schedule had been exceeded and time must be made up.

"I have picked her up at all hours the night," he remarked to a passenger beside him on the platform. The passenger was disposed to resent the reflection on the young woman by seeing his fist against the nose of the driver, but refrained lest he be considered a Don Quixote in this age of commercialism and rapid life.

He was Paul Lacroix, the motorman, young, handsome. She was a beautiful young woman, demure and refined and looking to her own business. The electric car was on a trip to the business center of a large city and was uncomfortably filled, as usual at that hour, with stenographers, clerks and a few miscellaneous passengers. A sign on the caves of the motorman read, "Do not talk to the motorman." But that did not deter the motorman from talking to members of the crowd that was compelled to find standing room on the platform, and he went on extolling the beauty of the girl whose character he had impugned. He engaged, he allowed the car to go on time.

Going down an avenue that paralleled the street upon which the car was running was another young man, handsome and self-opinionated. He was a "painted" employee, for he spent his hours in the office of his father, who was a rich business man. He had been looked "over the top" and "high balls" the night before, for being late to work, was racing his submarine—in common parlance called an automobile—to reach his office on time.

When the electric car, held in by the motorman, who remembered the presence of his lovely passenger. There was no more room for passengers and none disembarked, so the car moved on without further interruption.

The manipulator of the "mundane machine" turned on more "juice" and added up to make up for the time that had been wasted the night before. His hand was partially upon the high balls, and he was looking in the electric lights, his nerves were somewhat unsteady.

Down the street down which the car hurtled and the avenue down which the automobile was racing were rapidly verging. Down some distance was a circle upon which stood an equestrian statue, and there the street and avenue became one.

When within a block of this circle car, in answer to a ring, came to a stop. Pushing her way through the crowd, Miss Blanche Carter, a passenger who had merited the consideration of the motorman, dismounted. Holding tightly to her hand



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK.—Is skating becoming sport? We rather guess yes! Don't these look-alike girls make you hunt

satchel she made her way toward a massive brick structure a block away.

Lacroix did not see who had left the car, for the crowd was too dense. When the signal to go was given he put on full power. Now obvious to all else than reaching his destination on schedule time, he was soon going full speed.

In this age, when all realize that the building in which they work may be blown up by dynamite, the house in which they sleep, razed by a bomb from a flying machine, the vessel in which they ride destroyed by a submarine, and that they may be killed as they walk along the street by a machine gun masked ten miles away, or ridden down and crushed to pieces by joy-riders and hair-brained chauffeurs in automobiles—even now one's nerves are not equal to looking on unmoved at an electric car, controlled by a loved and motorman, and an automobile handled by a wild-oats youngster dashing wildly and rapidly toward each

other. And it is not to be wondered at that as the street and avenue came together, and car and auto, unawares, were making for the same point at the same identical moment, the occupants of the car, penned as they were, should be excited.

Seeing no chance of avoiding the collision, the young man jumped from his auto. Occupants of the car rushed madly toward the rear. Lacroix turned off the current and put on the brake. He might have let go and run backward to safety, but the mad mood in him asserted itself. He might have been selfish in that he thought of the girl who impressed him so much. But he remained steadfastly at his post.

Reaching the large brick structure, which was an infirmary, Miss Carter entered. She had scarcely finished coming her profession suit when she was called upon to assist in dressing a badly wounded young man. It was Paul Lacroix. He had been the only one who had been injured in the collision, and his injuries were serious.

Paul's life hung on a thread for some time, and then a slow recovery followed. But as time sped onward he learned to be dependent upon his nurse and to regard her in another light than that in which he thought of her the day he was injured. At length he began to regret the coming of that day upon which he must leave the hospital.

One day the nurse brought to his bed a bit of roast turkey and a pot of flowers—her gift. It was Christmas. He looked up at her with tears in his eyes, and said:

"I indeed have much to be thankful for, but I want one more gift. Can I have it?" And he reached out his hand and drew her unresistingly toward him.

Entertains Book Club

Mrs. Arch M. Burt entertained the Book Club at her home in Burtown, Thursday afternoon.

Each day The West Virginian publishes one tested recipe prepared by Mrs. S. J. Brobst, Fairmont's foremost authority upon culinary art. Cut them out and save them. Today's recipe is for—

DUMPLINGS.

One-half cup flour, one-half teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, one-fourth cup cold milk.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into bowl; add the cold milk and mix.

Dust bakeboard with flour, place the dough on and roll out one-fourth inch thick; then cut into one-fourth inch squares, add to the soup.

"She may not love him any more. Alice does not love Harvey the least little bit, but for the sake of the love, the joy, and yes, the agony that has been between them she must try and help when he calls. Can't you see it, Pat?"

"Then why is she helping this d—scoundrel?"

"Pat, I wonder if I can make you understand the complex heart of woman. When a woman loves a man as Alice loved Harvey—loves him so much that she is ready to do anything he asks, go anywhere he chooses, who has been wholly his—she can never feel otherwise than tender, not of him, perhaps, but of the great love that has been part of her soul. Even if she has had to tear it out at the cost of almost more than life, she will still look upon it as a beautiful thing that is dead. I do not believe that any woman who has given absolute devotion to a man can ever be unkind of his cries for succor.

"Then you know," I grasped.

Everything, it would be much better to let him die. His life is worth nothing to himself or to mankind.

His own father has disowned him. After almost ruining the whole name of Alice in an effort to nullify the only decent thing Harvey tried to do the father has at last cast him off.

Why should Alice or you, who, I do it for Alice, try to make this end happy or painless? He loves all he is getting and more.

He spoke bitterly but I could not let him. "Get into my car, Pat," and we will talk this thing over."

"Don't think there is anything to be said," murmured Pat stubbly.

"Yes, there is," I said, "not for the man's sake but for yours and mine."

He turned a white face to me suddenly and said, "Why is it, Margie, a woman will go on loving a man who treats her as this man has treated Alice? Oh, I know," he continued, "what you would say, 'actions speak louder than words.' Alice has been in the torments of the damned since she knew this was in town. Margie, I cannot let her be unhappy."

"Why don't you go and tell her that, I asked quietly.

At a moment he was so surprised

meeting up with a vision like this!

The young person with the excellent balance has on a sure-enough skating suit, made of heavy wool Jersey in Joffre blue. It boasts, along with its distinguished name, a row of delectable white bone buttons down the front and a broad belt of self material that ends in the back with the most festive knotted fringe.

And the skating cap—it is not almost enough to inspire a poem of the "To My Lady's Eyebrow" school? It begins calmly enough in a tight shade of

blue as the suit, and then, lightly anchored by two wool buttons, dashes right off the side of the turban and winds round and round miladi's throat in warmth and beauty and brings up over her left shoulder in a distracting pomp of velvet and wool! That this costume may be positively the last word in charm the accessories are white buckskin gloves and shoes with black stitching.

The demure young lady in the upper corner is a patriotic skater. Her sweater and cap are of dark blue—and you've guessed it—the angora wool collar and scarf ends are alternate red and white!

IS SKATING BECOMING? LOOK!

SIMPLE FROCK FROM PARIS SHOPS



By BETTY BROWN.

NEW YORK.—This unassuming gown of black satin is from the hands of Madame Jenny, Paris designer.

The outlines are straight and well handled. It is interesting to note how deftly the designer achieves the effects of hands with what are mere soft folds and crushings of the material.

The broad girdle is softly crushed and there are two double sash ends at the right side. The sleeves are notably tight but the cuff is deep and the fold that lies across the shoulders of the gown is repeated at the top of the cuff.

TRIUNE.

Master Amizon Robe, who has been sick for some time, is still very ill.

Troy Stevens was calling on friends in Grafton last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Silvia Rumble was at home a few days last week helping her father's butcher.

Luther Fletcher was calling on

Osgood's
for
Quality

Gift Suggestions for the

Eleventh-Hour-Shoppers

Furs	\$10 to \$75
Coats	\$10 to \$75
Suits	\$15 to \$50
Dresses	\$7.50 to \$35
Waists	\$1 to \$10
Skirts	\$3.50 to \$19.75
Petticoats	\$1.00 to \$5.00
Millinery	\$2.50 to \$10.00
Gloves (kid)	\$1.50 to \$3.50
Gloves (silk)	50c to \$1.00
Hosiery (silk)	60c to \$2.00
Sweaters	\$3.50 to \$10.00
Skating Sets	\$1.50 to \$3.00
Handkerchiefs	25c to \$1.00

Mormer Johnson last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Garlow and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Garlow, of Fairmont, were visiting their parents her a few days recently.

Mrs. L. P. Haun were visiting Mahala Stevens one day last week.

Mrs. S. K. Poe was calling on Mrs. Pheba Bunner one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Carpenter were at Samuel Smith's one day last week.

Mearl Moran was visiting Mr. Luther Fletcher one night last week.

Lester Fletcher was calling on Larney Garlow one day recently.

Charley Kincaid, of Mt. Zion, was calling on his cousin, Luther Fletcher, on Monday of last week.

Mrs. Maggie Smith was visiting Mrs. Mahala Stevens Sunday afternoon.



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CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

am not easily "knocked out" as you would say, little book, but I confess that the sight of Pat in such an of the way place was very disconcerting. I could feel myself getting

and white in turn. After I had recovered a little I found that was Pat as much as I was.

What are you doing around here, Pat?" he asked. "Are you looking for old furniture or old brasses?"

When I noticed for the first time that about us were antique shops, and I thought for a moment that I would take them as an excuse, and then I

up my mind that truth was the after all, and so I said, "I have been visiting a young man acquaintance who has gotten into a little

able and who I want to give an chance at going straight."

He looked at me quietly and then he said, "Margie, I think I am a decent

and I try to be a broad man, but I will not allow Alice to give the pit-

little sum she has saved from the time that is hers to that wastrel

lies sick and perhaps dying in house."

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(THAT'S TELLING HIM, TOM)—BY ALLMAN.

